

Musa Parænetica;
OR, A
TRACTATE
OF
Christian EPISTLES,
ON
Sundry OCCASIONS,
IN VERSE.

By WILLIAM MASSEY.

The Reproofs of Instruction are the Way of Life, Prov. vi. 23.

Quid verum atque decens curō & rogo & omnis,

In hoc sum.

Hor.

Ἐπεὶ δὲ αὐτὸ καὶ ἐν τῷ, ὅς ἐστιν ἐν τῷ, ὅς ἐστιν ἐν τῷ.

Hebod.

LONDON: Printed by the Assigns of
F. Smole, at the BIBLE in George-Yard in
Lombard-Street, 1717.

Handwritten decorative flourish at the top of the page.

A TRACTATE
 OF
 CHRISTIAN EPISTLES,
 ON
 SUNDRY OCCASIONS,
 IN
 REVERSE.

BY WILLIAM MARSHEY.
 4 6 700

The Proprietors of this Edition have been
 informed that the Author of the above
 has been deceased.
 Hence.



LONDON: Printed by the Authors of
 T. Smith at the B. in George Lane in
 London Street, 1717.

T H E

Preface to the Reader.

Friendly READER,

I Am not ignorant how numerous the Offspring of *Metrical Writers* is already become, nor should I trouble the Press with these following Sheets, were it not upon other Considerations than the Penny of Poems. No, the Poetical World is populous enough, but (as in many other Cases) there is need of a Reformation.

ESSAYS of this Nature generally find more Commenders than Buyers, for, — *Probitas laudatur & alget*; and such is the current Humour, That what is not dress'd up in *Fable*, is accounted too grave for the Genius of this polite Age, however I hope I shall be read by some such, as a certain Roman Author wish'd his Book might come into the Hands of,

Hunc Volo qui fiat non sine Pœne scatur.

Met. lib. 4.

~~Let him but read me, that can make a Feast
Of wholesom Bread, and I shall ne'er request
To please a curious Palate, or a wanton Taste.~~

H H T

My chief Design in publishing this Tractate, is to yield a few Hours Instruction and Amusement to the Sober and Studious Youth of either Sex, who, at seasonable Opportunities (to relax the Mind from the Bent of severer Studies or Employments) may innocently divert themselves, or take Delight to converse with such Authors of Harmony as are free from the unprofitable Embellishments of extravagant Wit and Fiction; And, as I may safely conclude, I shall not be accus'd of that, so I hope my Performance is not so insipid, but that it will be relish'd by the better (tho' not the major) Part of its Readers, and be own'd a Friendly Monitor, tho' it merit not the Name of a Learned or Ingenious Piece: *Et si non datur ultra* That this Epistolary Manner of Writing is not a Novelty, is what I am already appriz'd of, for Ovid's Epistles, so curiously Translated by divers eminent Hands, have

in

in a short Time contracted a great Familiarity
amongst English Readers: Nor is Dryden's
Imitation of Ovid a Stranger in the Closets
and Museums of Multitudes, who please
themselves in the Perusal of such amusing
Relations. Yet the Drift of these above-
mentioned being more to excite the Passions
than inform the Understanding, there is
Room left for such a Work as this, and I
believe I may aver, that the Design of it, is
not by the other at all anticipated.

As to the Style, I must leave that to the
Judgment of my Intelligent Reader; every
One has the Liberty to censure, so it be upon
a just Ground. It is accounted by some, al-
most as difficult to write an *Epistle* exact and
true, in all its Parts, as to compose an *Heroic*
Poem; there should be such a natural Free-
dom, that can scarcely be express'd, except
one should call it the *Je ne sçay quoy* of Ju-
stice and Familiarity; *Tumor at omne quod*
Studio fit, indecorum est.

Just Thoughts should be the Strength of ev'ry Line
And native Freedom thro' the whole must shine;
Words equal poiz'd let ev'ry Sentence have,
Neither too light, nor indiscreetly grave:
For where the Wit is forc'd, it will appear
Correctly dull, or puffing like the Air.

As I find it more easie to lay down Rules than to keep exactly to 'em, so I may expect that when my Work shall be brought to the Criterion, it will be found deficient, and perhaps interfere with my own Canons in some Particulars; yet, if, after Examination, it appear, That the main Design, that is, A Regular Method of Instruction, be kept to, I would desire the Favour of those who observe it, to say with Horace,

—Ubi plura nitent in Carmine, non ego paucis
Offendar maculis: quas, aut incuria fudit,
Aut humana parum cavit Natura.—

Hor. Art. Poet.
Seeing it would be an impracticable Task should I endeavour to obviate all the Objections that a capricious *Momus* may advance, I shall once for all beg of my Readers to be so charitable, as not to censure without a Reason, nor condemn without a Cause; and then for the rest I will be accountable.

W. M.

Wandsworth, the 10th of
the 6th Month, 1714.

(viii)

TO THE
YOUTH

Of either SEX,

A PROTREPTIC ODE.

ATTEND, O Youthful Train!

Collect your wandering Thoughts a while;
And study how to keep 'em still;
Your fickle Minds restrain,
And teach 'em to obey,

That great unerring Guide that never leads astray:

Then take a silent View
Of your past Life as far as Humane Mem'ry can
pursue;

*Abstracted from the Noise
Of worldly Cares and worldly Joys,
Which are but false, but are not few,
And see the various Stages you have run,
Insensibly how Tears encreas'd,
And Time irrevocable past,
Since the first Minute when your Lives began*

II.

Lo, there !

*How little doth your Origin appear !
That naked Stall,
Both despicable and forlorn,
Knew nothing, saving how to mourn,
And hardly that,
When Infant Tears and Infant Sighs,
These from the Breast, those from the Eyes,
Call'd out for something, but they knew not what,
How destitutely born is Man !
The tuneful Whistlers of the Air,
Need only for their Food prepare,
Their Bodies overgrown
With soft and warming Down,*

No

(ix)

No other Vests require;
Nor Use of common Fire;
And Nature teaches Quadrupeds to stand
Without th' Assistance of a helping Hand.

III.

Though from so mean a Birth,
(For what is meaner that's deriv'd from Earth?)
You Mortal Bodies have;
Yet still remember you possess
A Part superior unto this,
That never never dies;
But will escape the Grave
And live in Heights of Joy, or doleful Miseries.
From Love Divine, the great Design
Of your Creation springs;
And Grace is giv'n
To be the Souls unerring Guide to Heav'n:
'Tis this a Mass of Vigor brings,
And animates a Multitude of lifeless Things.
For all your Noble Faculties within,
Had without this unactive been;
No Thirst of virtuous Acts had fir'd your Breast:
Nor had you then possess'd
A brighter View of Glory than the perishing Beast:
But

((X))

But this affords
The Prospect of a State,
Whose End shall know no Date
Of Time, nor can it be describ'd by Words.

IV.

O may the Thoughts of this so move
The soft Affection of each tender Heart,
That you may timely Virtue Love,
And from the Youthful Follies of the Age depart.
True Virtue will adorn the Face,
For Virtue gives a Comeliness
To every Form, and every Dress;
And cloaths the Visage with peculiar Grace;
The best Cosmetic you can find,
For it will beautifie the Body and instruct the Mind.
And you that are
Both lovely Young and lovely Fair,
Be this your Bent and chiefest Care,
To keep your Souls as free from Sin,
As is from Blemishes the Tincture of your Skin.
How graceful then
Will you appear!
And in the Eyes of God and Men

(xi)

Be counted dear, That every where
A Croud of Favours shall pursue,
Your happy Steps, and lavish shed themselves on you.

V.

'Tis Virtue, Tender Plants, that makes you great,
All Honour's but a Stain
That Virtue does not gain;
Nor yet without it can your Titles be compleat,
Extensive Glory hence is won,
If Glory be worth looking on,
And lasting Fame
Hereafter will proclaim
To Men unborn those Deeds that virtuously are
done.
The present Time, tho' envious, must approve,
But following Ages they will Love
Esteem and Praise
The Man that walks in Virtue's Ways,
And pious Bards shall count his Name on Honour
to their Lays.
Look on the Lives
Of Jacob, Joseph, Jonathan;
How

(xii)

How venerable they appear,
Their very Name it gives
In every bodily Ear
A sweet Sound, and represents their Virtues
there.

How bright!
How meek, how chaste, how true,
How innocent in what they do!
That God he seem'd to take Delight
To bless and keep 'em as the Apple of his Sight.

VI.
Time rolls incessant like the Sun,
The Life of Man
Is but a Span,
And, Oh, how quickly such a Race is run!
But they are wise,
Who join with Time,
And in their Prime
Endeavour to obtain the great Immortal Prize:
Those noble Plants that consecrate their Touth,
And Blossom of their Days,
To serve the Lord, to serve his Truth,
And live to their Eternal Maker's Praise,

Shall

(xiii)

Shall taste the Warmings of his Love,
The Warmings from the Springs above,
Which Growth and pleasant Greenness gives
To every Plant that in the beauteous Vineyard lives.
What pleasant Morn's, what Yuccening Days
Will shine and will be shed on you,
If that with Care and Diligence
You persevere, as now
In holy Fear, —
And the whole Series of your Lives continue just
and true.

M . W . VII.

Hereby the Thoughts of Death
Will not be anxious to your feeble Tears,
Your Bed of Sickness will be free from Fears,
And your contracting Breath,
Will whisper inward Hymns in the Attenders Ears;
Your dying Looks and rousing Eyes,
Will move Compassion in their Breast
And Sorrow, did not all your Sighs
Declare your Journey to Eternal Rest
To him, for whom a Saint rejoicing dies;

Relenting

Shall

Repeating Friends the Curtains draw,
And lift'ning, stoop to bear your blow: I

But the attentive Ear
Can softly bear, and that small voice of
I come, O Lord, I come, thy great Salvation show.

One Turning more, and thus I
Relations all Farewell, 'tis well with me;
Heav'n is before you

My View.— And thus you launch into Eternity
And the whole Series of your Lives continue yet

W. M.

Hardly the Thoughts of Death
Will not be anxious to your people turn,
Your Bed of Sickness will be free from tears,

And your continuing state,
Will whisper inward Hymns in the silent hours;

That bring Looks and smiling Eyes,
Will move Compassion in their breast
Sorrow, did not all your sighs
Decline your Journey to Eternal Rest
To him, for whom a Saint rejoicing dies;

Relenting

MUSA Paroenetica

TRACTATE

CHRISTIAN EPISTLES.

Epistle the First

I Hear, my Friend; that thou art weary grown
Of all the Ways thou hitherto hast known;
And sorrowing find'st it arduous, they are too broad
For that which leads unto the House of God;
Complain'st that they, who thee in Counsel taught
Advised thee, but their Counsel came to nought;
Their noisy Talk at every turn renew'd
The Grief thou felt'st among the noisy Croud,
Confus'd their Skill, and more confus'd their
Thoughts;
Nor Books, nor Maps cou'd solve their wand'ring
But thy Directors they were lost with thee
In crooked Paths, and seeking could not see
Unskillful Guides! Who shew'd thee not the Way
Thou sought'st, but blindly led thee more astray!
Thy

Thy mournful Case I must confess is hard,
 Yet he that will depend upon the Lord
 In Time of Straits, and in his Counsel stand,
 Shall find Deliverance from a pow'rful Hand;
 Hast thou consulted what the Scriptures say,
 That Oracle of Truth? Wilt thou obey
 The just Directions of thy Inward Light?
 Be it thy Guide, it always leads aright;
 Art thou bereav'd of both thy Mental Eyes,
 And darkly follow'st Error in Disguise?
 The Light can so illuminate thy Mind,
 That thou may'st clearly see, who hast been blind;
 There is a Way cast up, as thou may'st read,
 In which the Lyon's Whelp did never tread,
 Nor Vulture's Eye behold, a peaceful Way,
 Secure from all the rav'nous Birds of Prey;
 Come then in Faith and walk in holy Fear,
 Altho' a Fool, therein thou shalt not err;
 A glorious Way that was of Old prepar'd,
 A Path for the Redeemed of the Lord.
 Distressed Pilgrim! From thy Runnings cease,
 And view the blissful Way of Holiness;
 Nor yet regard thy vain Directors Rules,
 Who come to tread that Way, they must be Fools,
 Fools



Fools unto what? Fools to the Wisdom, State,
Or whatsoe'er this World accounteth Great;
Fools to the Pleasures of a Sinful Age,
Or boasting Honours of the mundane Stage.
I must conclude, but with this short Advice,
Which thou to take or leave art at thy Chöice;
Trust in thy God, believe in Him that's true,
Run on in Faith, and bid the World *Adieu*.

EPISTLE the Second.

THy Day is dawn'd, thy *Phæbus* doth appear,
Enlight'ning all thy dusky Hemisphere,
As scattering Clouds in wild Disorder run
Before the Rising of the radiant Sun,
Whose most refulgent Splendor drives away
The Things that would obstruct his brighter Day,
When Fogs repel'd, strike to their native Source,
And by their Flight confess the Solar Force:

Just so the dark Recesses of thy Soul,
(Where gloomy Sin had reign'd without Controul)
Receiv'd the Rays of that Celestial Light,
Which did conclude the long and dismal Night,
The Night of Sin and Error thou had'st known,
Without the glimmerings of a Morning's Dawn,

O heav'nly *Phosphor* ! now thy Soul may say,
 That was the first Enlightner of thy Day,
 Shine thou yet more and more within my Heart,
 And cause my Darkness wholly to depart;
 He that is faithful both in Word and Deed
 To those Discoveries which the Lord hath made,
 And waits in that revealed Knowledge, till
 He doth th' Effects and Comforts of it feel,
 Shall in that Light more Revelation see,
 And in the saving Knowledge learned be.
 Among the Gospel Records there we find
 That Jesus heal'd a Person that was Blind,
 And the first Medium which our Lord apply'd,
 (As Means he often us'd) the Man descri'd
 That Persons they appear'd to him like Trees,
 And various Things in shapes unknown he sees;
 But when his Eyes the second Touch receiv'd,
 All that was done which he in Faith believ'd,
 His perfect Sight, cou'd then distinctly see,
 And tell which was the Man, which was the Tree.
 A welcome Day ! Now he thro' Optics clear,
 Can view created Beings as they are,
 Nor dubious sets his Foot in darksome Way,
 But sees his Path by bright and cheerful Day;
 No stumbling Blocks by base Impostor laid,
 With wretched Guile to have his Steps betray'd,

Can on discerning Vision now impose, I hope
Nor interrupt the Passage where he goes,
Clear Choice and Freedom are his ruling Guide,
And light'ned Senses trustily pursue
O'er his confirmed Steps, whilst he with Care
Pursues the Things which manifested are,
And runs not Careless into Turns and Lanes,
Where Error with deluding Darkness reigns,
That may deceive the Traveller and his Sight,
And cause a mourning for the Loss of Light.

How Men in Darkness strive, and strangely err,
And boldly trample, tho' they know not where
Tho' various Dangers certainly attend
Their rude and dark Attempts on either hand;
Yet with perplexed Fear and trembling Speed
They in inextricable Windings tread,
Forward and backward but augments their Pains,
Whilst that their Length of Journey still remains,
Or what's as bad, with rather Hope they run
And make their Error worse than when they first
began.

Poor wand'ring State! and worthy of a Flood
Of briny Tears, if Tears cou'd do 'em good;
But Tears are spent in vain, if that the Mind
To inward Light be confidently blind,
And will not quit the Mazes, when a Ray
Of that appears to lead 'em to the shining Day.

I hope, Enlightned Soul! thou'lt not forget
 The Day of Wonders, when the Lord with great
 Benevolence and Favour unto thee
 Unclos'd thine Eyes, and made the blind to see,
 Unhing'd the Gates of Darkness, which had long
 Immur'd thy clearer Sense, or led thee wrong,
 Remov'd the Cloud, that kept thee under Sin,
 And bountifully gave thee Light within:
 The Light within thou need'st not blush to own,
 For that is Christ in his Appearance known.
 What, tho' a scoffing Generation speak
 Opprobriously, of what they ought to make
 Their certain Guide, and wild Reproaches throw
 On that to which their stubborn Hearts must bow,
 In Mercy, or in Judgment, Wrath or Love;
 For it will surely all their Works reprove
 That are not wrought in God, and swiftly bring
 In unexpected Time the dreadful Sting
 Of waken'd Conscience, o'er their drowsy Years,
 That Sting that loads the guilty Souls with fears
 And makes their Scenes of Mirth a following
 Stage of Tears.
 What stubborn Sinner dare affirm that he
 Was from the Strokes of Conscience always free?
 Or with an unrelenting Hardness say,
 This inward Light hath ne'er reprov'd his Way

'Tis my Belief, the most obdurate Soul
Hath not been always so without Controul;
But must confess, this great discov'ring Light
Hath check'd him for his Sin, and shewn him
what is right.

I doubt not, Friend, but thou with these canst join
And own the proved Truth in every Line;
For now thy open'd Senses will discern
The Thing that heav'nly Scholars ought to learn,
And may'st thou diligent and faithful be
In those Discoveries God hath made to thee,
Demonstrating in Power the Way to Bliss,
And pointing out where lasting Comfort is;
So shall this Generation learn to know
What God by powerful Ministry can do,
And if they hear, or if they shall refuse,
In the great Day be left without Excuse,
Let then thy hourly Watch be kept, and see
Where that Temptation may come upon thee;
Then is the Time of Danger, and the Hour
That calls for Faithfulness and inward Power,
In which that thou may'st unremoved stand,
Is now the earnest Breathing of thy Friend,

Epistle the Third.

PArt of my self! (if that two can be One)
My Love salutes thee, since thou hence art
gone;

Love, which the space of Miles can ne'er confine,
Nor yet my Breast imprison it from thine,
But universal flows from Heart to Heart,
Of which thou feel'st more than I can impart;
Sweetly diffus'd thro' all thy quickned Veins,
Whilst that the lively Sense of Touch remains.

As our external Members, whilst endu'd
With that Sensation Nature hath bestow'd,
Can eas'ly tell when something doth corrode,
Or chafe, or stun, or bruise, or overload
Their Springs of active Force, and gladly shun
With wise Recoil the Danger coming on.
So those enliv'ned Powers of the Soul,
While from benumbing Sin they're free and whole,
And uncorrupted by the vicious Gore
Of tainted Ulcers, which are Thoughts impure,
Can well discern where the Oppression lies,
And feel the Weight unseen by Humane Eyes.

How often sensible have I been made
Of what another in his Bosom had,

When

When that the Spring of Life hath bubbled up,
And overflow'd the blest Enjoyers Cup,
They who the lowly Vallies gladly chuse
Enjoy the Sweetness of Celestial Dews;
Like pleasant Meadows by a River's Side,
Are well refresh'd by the contiguous Tide;
For genial Moisture runs through ev'ry Vein,
And makes the fruitful Borders always green,
While the aspiring Hills with scorched Head
And dusky Looks are often overspread;
Nor yet retain what Heav'n doth on 'em throw,
But proudly cast his Bounty down below:
So that in little Time one scarce could say,
A fine and fruitful Shower fell here to Day!

I need not of these Things Expounder be,
Nor metaphrase my Metaphors to thee;
I write to one (with too unskillful Hand)
Who can not only read but understand;
Not only understand, but will apply,
And by Experience prove the Mystery.
I will not here much longer thee detain
With Words (altho' not altogether vain)
But add to what I've writ, a true Desire,
That each of us may silently retire,
To that which teaches more than I can write,
And with more Pleasure than I can indite;

The Spirit of Love, with which I did begin,
Which (as I hope) I have concluded in.

Epistle the Fourth.

WHen *Jonah* was with heavy Message sent
Of kindled Wrath and Warnings to repent,
Of sad Destruction to a wealthy Place,
And slaughtering Vengeance coming on apace;
He, loth to bear the Errand of the Rod
Of an offended, yet a gracious God,
With ill Success he took another Way,
And hop'd to find a Refuge o'er the Sea:
But he that did create the rowling Streams,
And potent holds the raging Wind in Reins,
Sent forth his Hurricane, with rumbling Force,
To stop the Prophet's disapproved Course;
The wat'ry Torrents Conspiracy made,
And roar'd upon the Sleeper in his Bed.
Both Winds and Waves with an unusual Rage,
Did war against the shaken Keel engage;
Nor would they cease until the Prophet fell
Within the Jaws of the mountainous Whale,
And wrapt amongst the greedy Monster's Foam,
On every Side had found a living Tomb.
If I without Offence may now apply
This long Relation unto Things more nigh:

Me.

Methinks to thee (*J. N.*) belongs a Share;
Tho' thy whole State be not as *Jonah's* were;
Thy ill attempted Flights will turn to nought,
The God of Hearts will search thy *Tarshish* out.
If to escape thou post'st upon the Main,
An hasty Fish will fetch thee back again:
Or if by Land dost from his Presence ride,
Thy Steed, as *Balaam's*, will thy Folly chide;
Thou can'st be no where safe, if thou offend'st
Thy great Creator; for on him depends
All certain Welfare and immediate Aid,
Let his strong Name be thy *Asylum* made,
Thy Refuge of Defence and saving Tower,
His Name, that signifies his heav'nly Pow'r.
But tell me now, what met'st thou in the way,
That turn or led thy wand'ring Heart astray?
What *Circe's* Charm, what gilded Bait so strong
To draw thy Mind from him thou serv'dst so long?
What Lust, in short, did captivate thy Soul?
Or made thee undertake a Flight so foul?
Was it for Gain of what Earth can afford,
That thou despis'dst the Wages of the Lord?
And left his Service with a base Desire
Of cumb'ring *Fasces* and Advancement higher?
Ah, Man! Sure he who is the Lord of all
That walk, swim, run, or grow upon this Ball,
Can

Can set thee (if he think it meet) above
 The Dignity of those who Grandeur love:
 However if thou wholly dost resign
 Thy Will to his most Hôly and Divine,
 If purely yield'st Obedience to his Light,
 And humbly walk'st with Reverence in his Sight,
 Nor Grace, nor no good thing will he restrain,
 But on thy Dwelling Peace and Plenty rain.
 Was it because thou might'st enlarge thy Race
 In Pleasures Field, and suit the Time and Place
 With every Wind, in Hopes of being made
 A Man admir'd for something done or said?
 Hence will thy Follies, Man, the more appear,
 And make thy Name an His to every Ear;
 Confusion will thy mimic Actions trace,
 And sneaking Shame ride triumph in thy Face.
 Was it for Favour, slavish Fear or Pride,
 That thou revolted'st thus, and turn'd aside
 From the Commands of that unerring Law,
 Which God in Love hath given thee to know?
 Whatever it was, thy better Search will find
 It but the faint Excuse of an Apostate Mind.
 If that thy Call to *Nineveh* should be,
 Arise, and go thou strait to *Nineveh*:
 Who knows but that the Citizens may hear
 The Word of God that thou art sent to bear,

Put

Put Sackcloth on, in Dust and Ashes mourn,
 See how their State is wretched and forlorn,
 They may Repent and from their Evils turn,
 And if Repentance do throughout appear,
 There's Hopes th' Almighty will the City spare:
 However do thy Part, and God will spread
 His * Kikajon of Safety o'er thy Head.
 Alas, fond Man 'tis all in vain thou striv'st
 Against the Checks the just Reprover gives.
 Thou can'st not set thy Foot the least awry
 In sinful Ways, but it will quickly cry,
Take heed, take heed, the Path wherein thou tread'st
Directs to Death, to grim Destruction leads,
 Had'st thou but minded that, thou had'st not seen
 The State of Darkness thou'rt involved in,
 For it enlightens all who will obey,
 It's Light it self, and clearly shews the Way
 Which points to Bliss, and that Eternal Seat
 That makes the Happiness of Saints compleat,
 Conducting thro' this Labyrinth of Woe,
 That pious Mortals in their Progress know,
 And consoles 'em in the mournful way they go.
 It leads from Sin into the Paths of Peace,
 And cheers the Spirits of the Comfortless,
 To whose more certain Guidance I commend
 Thy Future Steps. I am thy Christian Friend.

*Authors agree not in
 the Word
 Kikajon,
 therefore I
 put the ori-
 ginal Word
 קִיקְיוֹן
 Kikajon.

Epistle

Epistle the Fifth.

THose florid Notions which have taken Place,
 And choke the springing of the Seed of Grace,
 Within thy honest Heart, will not abide
 The Day wherein Foundations shall be try'd.
 I'll tell thee, Friend, when *Babel's* Builders wrought
 With high Design, their Building came to nought,
 Those proud attempts that aim'd to reach the Sky,
 Confounded were by him that sits most high;
 Altho' the Walls were of gigantic Size,
 Stupendious Objects to the Builders Eyes,
 Tho' Story upon Story they had made,
 And *Pelion* on the Back of *Qssa* laid,
 Tho' they for monstrous Pyramids and Cones
 Had robb'd *Olympus* of his chiefeft Bones;
 Yet he that walks upon the fleeting Winds
 And reins the Clouds, beheld their vain Designs,
 Look'd down their pigmy Projects to survey,
 And sent the gabling Crew confus'd away.

Aspire not high; the Structure must be good
 That stands the raging Storm and beating Flood,
 A turning Blaft will shake thy Pillars down,
 If not supported by the Corner-Stone:
 Thy light and sandy Notions will not bear
 That stately Fabrick which thou seem'st to rear,

Although

Altho' with Tongues and Languages in Store,
Thou climb'st above the Reach of vulgar Ear,
Stranger to *Athens* and declaiming *Rome*,
And only skill'd in what it hears at Home,
Can'st bend thy pliant *Dogmas* every Way,
And fast and loose with Humane Reason play,
While subtil Fancy doth thy Speeches set
In various Order of admired Wit,
The wanton Daughter of prolific Thought,
Which does the Trespasse and defends the Fault.
Thy lofty Themes grammatically spun,
As fine as verbal Tare in Prose will run,
Garnish'd with Figures and adorn'd with Tropes,
Are but the Plan of thy unsteady Hopes,
The fading Tinsel of thy glazed Lines
Not in it self, but by Reflection shines.
What glares the Eyes, and yet deceives the Senses,
Is but the *Babel* of thy vain Pretences.
Builder desist! and not so fondly aim
At worldly Glory, which will turn to Shame;
A Glory that will draw thee in Conclusion
To lordly Pride, which brings at last Confusion.

Tho' I in Plainness and in Freedom take
With thee, my Friend, this Liberty to speak,
Because, methinks, in thee I something find
That is the present Burden of my Mind;

Mistake

Mistake me not, I do'nt condemn the Use
 Of Humane Learning, but correct th' Abuse.
 In them who use it well, 'tis surely Good,
 As worthy *Paul* and learned *Moses* did,
 Whose lively Works not only are Divine,
 But with a Quaintness of Expression shine:
 Yet, Oh! the Life in which they penn'd the
 Matter, it W^h far exceeds the Beauty of the Letter,
 Doth far exceed the Beauty of the Letter,
 'Tis that which to the Reader Warmth affords,
 And reacheth farther than the Dint of Words,
 Without which Warmth Mens Writings are but
 Dead, And dry Productions of a noisy Head;
 Their *Metonymies* drawn by Rules of Art,
 Are coarse and dull without that savoury Part;
 Their *Majors* and their *Minors* are but Stuff,
 And daring *Egots* this is the certain Proof;
 Their dark *Principia* ta'en from blinded Nature,
 With *Metaphors* from Fire, Earth, Air and Water,
 Are only fruitful Arguments of Strife,
 Without the seasoning Salt of Truth and Life.
 Be not deceiv'd, thy nice composed Creeds,
 Will not atone for unreformed Deeds,
 The curious *Systems* of thy pointed Faith,
 Are the Reverse of what thy Practice saith,

How

How shall I plead? What Words will take Im-
pression

On him that hath the Truth but in Profession!
Or what can teach a Shadow fixed Laws!
That apes the Substance every where it goes,
But hath within it self no Mite of that
Which it so fondly seems to imitate?
My throbbing Quill laments at every Verse,
While that she doth this mournful Theme reherse,
Fain wou'd she cease, but Matter urges on,
To write the Verse whereby thou mayst be won,
With secret Hopes some little of this much
May gently prick thee with a lively Touch.
On shew the Folly of thy empty Boast
Of finding that which better had been lost.

I am not sure what the Effect will be,
But this I know, 'twas Love that wrought on me,
In hopes to draw thee from thy lov'd Extream,
In that I write, in that I still remain;

Thy real Friend, &c.

Epistle

Epistle the Sixth,

IS it Presumption to congratulate,
Not thy own Choice, my Friend, yet happy
State?

Methinks my Pen could both be bold and free,
Once to expostulate the Case with thee.

A Country Life thou write'st, is now become
A Sort of Bondage and unpleasant Home;

Fain would'st thou with a City Freedom join,
And change thy rustic Ore for figur'd Coin,
Tir'd of thy lonely Walks and silent Cares,

Wisthest for Noise of Business in thine Ears.

Did'st thou but know the Hurries that attend
Both Poor and Rich, who in the City spend

Their noisy Life, and scarce can find a Place,
But wild Confusion meets 'em in the Face,

Thy Mind, I may conclude, would start aside,

As loth to be to such Confusion ty'd,

And dread the Cumbrance of continual Noise,

That interrupts the pious Thinkers Joys.

Here rat'ling Chariots to the Coursers ty'd,

(Laden with Lumps of Luxury and Pride)

Run whirling through the Streets, with foamy

Curb,

And Stilness of the Morning much disturb:

Here

Here hurrying Business riseth with the Sun,
But longer stays above the Horizon:
This knows his Course, nor always o'er us burns
With flaming Light, but comes and goes, by turns,
But that pursues us both by Night and Day,
And suffers none to bear alternate Sway;
With this the Merchant wrack'd can hardly find
A Season of Refreshment to the Mind;
It hunts him out to every Place he goes,
Both in the Tavern, Change, or Counting-House,
In Country, Town, at Home, or be Abroad,
And scarcely leaves him while he serves his God.
Oh, the incumbring Fruits of worldly Care,
And yet how many love the irksom Snare!
Here the sweet Rest and Quiet of the Night,
Which else might yield some Moments of Delight,
Are hourly broke by the rough Watchman's Staff,
Who thumps the Doors, to prove they're bolted
safe:
Or what is worse, a reeling Crew that chuse
The Night to act the shameful Tricks they use,
Who spend their Time in Revels, Smoke and Wine,
Esteeming every thing that's filthy, fine,
Consuming Health, Estate, and Stock, and Trade,
And hasten swift Destruction on their Head.

C These

These when the State of Nature would be still,
The noisom Streets with odious Clamours fill;
A sordid Pest, thoughtless of God or Care,
Whose very Breath contaminates the Air,
And numerous Sins provoke a judging Hand
To thunder Vengeance on a perjur'd Land.
What Mortal that's with pious Sense endu'd,
Would wish to live with such a faithless Croud!
But rather with a just Abhorrence fly
The dire Contagion of their Company,
Who can't contribute to a Minutes Ease,
To yield themselves or others mental Peace.

Now let's with this a Country Life compare,
The Difference then more plainly will appear:
For there the glorious Works of Nature gay,
In lovely Sights their Heraldry display,
Blazon'd with numerous Choice of Objects fine,
Which both conspicuous and illustrious shine;
Fountains and Hills with ever-shady Groves,
Which wise Retreat and still Retirement loves;
The airy Champian and the flow'ry Field,
Comforts of Health and wholesom savour yield
Or should I speak in more restricted Phrase,
And give a Mannor, such as thine, the Praise,
An humble Dwelling, where on either Side,
A flourish'd Garden is its greatest Pride,

Around

Around beset with Trees of various Kind,
Which more for Use than Grandure are design'd,
Whose annual Fruit rewards the Tillers Pains
With grateful Plenty and unhoarded Gains.
No Noise of Drums or squeaking Trumpets here,
The frightful Instruments of pallid Fear:
But pleasant, Oh, how pleasant Stilness reigns,
And with Contentment undisturb'd remains!
Grateful to those who Meditation love,
And Contemplation on the Things above,
Grateful to those, who with ambitious Care
And tumid Honour uninfected are;
Grateful to the sincere and humble Heart,
Who can with false and gilded Pleasures part.
Be careful, Friend, lest that by giving way
To roving Thoughts, thy Mind be led astray,
Nor sickly hope by Change to gain a Rest,
Like that which hitherto thou hast possess'd,
Where unmolested thou hast spent thine Hours
In the Pursuit of that which best endures;
Treasures of Peace, a Conscience undefil'd
With that Deceit which Thousands has beguil'd,
Oh, let not then increasing Plenty cloy,
Nor make thy Burthen what might be thy Joy:
Too full a State hath often hurtful been,
And drawn the Mind into Luxurious Sin,

Without an humble Care and watchful Heed
 To walk in Paths that unto Virtue lead.
 More might be written, but these well apply'd,
 May what I have been treating of decide:
 So shall subscribe my self (what in me lies)
 Thy Friend to serve in Counsel and Advice.

Epistle the Seventh.

SIX times hath the resplendant Lamp of Day
 Survey'd the World with his vivific Ray;
 Six times hath the Inferior Dame of Night
 Sprinkled the silent Orb with glim'ring Light,
 Since that the trusty Nuncius of thy Thought,
 With kind and careful Hand, securely brought
 Thy Mind exprest in Characters to me,
 A Token that mine Eyes rejoyc'd to see:
 But whilst my eager Fingers broke the Seal,
 My Heart, as conscious what they would reveal,
 Beat thrice for Joy, but when she knew as much
 As they made known, the Present was so rich,
 Her little Closet scarce could her contain,
 But starting up, she beat and beat again.
 Thy wise Advices and thy Counsel grave,
 (A welcome Guest within my Bosom) have

Bespoke

Bespoke an upper Room, where I intend
To sit and hear the Message of my Friend.

I own thy Love in every thing, but most
In that which gives the Freedom I had lost,
And kindly claim'st an Answer from my Hand,
The chiefest thing thy Charity could command.
With friendly Heed I read thy Cautions o'er,
And wish'd within my self there had been more;
Because thou well discern'st what things are good,
What things should not be used, and what shou'd.
And this I daily find both safe and true;
By timely Cautions Danger we eschew,
By friendly Warnings we may wisely shun
Those Evils into which the Careless run:
For they who run their Race with watchful Care
From hurtful Slides and Falls, the safest are;
Not an unlucky Star's resisting Force
Doth rule the doubtful Fortune of their Course,
Not dubious Omens at their setting out,
Can tell us which will be the swiftest Foot;
Nor are the Changes of our present State
The rash Resolves of Chance or Stoic Fate.
We may escape (whatever some may dream
Of seal'd Decrees) the Mischief and Extream,
Which certain Ruin and Destruction draws
On him, who them too eagerly pursues;

On heedless him, who willingly is led
 To that which throws the Mis'ry on his Head.
 I freely join with what thou wisely say'st
 Concerning *Pharaoh* in his wicked Ways,
 And eas'ly grant, had he obey'd the Word,
 The pious Brethren brought him from the Lord,
 His stubborn Heart had not been render'd hard,
 But if rebellious Men shall long withstand
 The instrumental and immediate Hand,
 Refuse to hear the Call of Wisdom's Voice,
 And in the Paths of Wickedness rejoice,
 Neglect the Visitation of their Day,
 And set at nought what Priest and Prophet say,
 'Tis just with the Almighty to withdraw
 His Love, and cloud them with his angry Brow,
 Are there not Numbers of Examples shown
 In Scripture, whence this *Dogma* may be drawn?
 Methinks a Multitude of Proofs appear,
 Of which a few may be sufficient here.
 And first, I must believe as touching *Cain*,
 Had he in Love the heav'nly Warnings ta'en,
 The Wretch had not been curs'd, nor righteous
 Abel slain.
 But since his wilful Prejudice disdain'd
 The kind Endeavours of the striving Hand;

Deaf

Deaf to the Charmer and the Pipes that save,
What softer Sentence cou'd he think to have?

Balaam, who doubtless once had been endu'd

With what the righteous Race accounteth good,

When he beheld the Visions of the Lord,

And did commence a Prophet of his Word;

But filthy Lucre and immoderate Gain,

Deceiv'd the Prophet, and undid the Man,

Unrighteous Wages led his Heart astray,

Nor cou'd the speaking Brute reform his Way.

What greater Hopes did ever Monarch shew

Of noble Deeds and rising Virtue too,

Than the Beginnings of the Reign of *Saul*?

But who became more wretched in his Fall?

How often were the honest Prophets Eyes

Bedew'd on his Behalf? What Sacrifice

Of holy Tears implor'd the Throne of Grace?

Yet he rebel'd and made his Crimes the worse:

He was commanded, had he but obey'd,

And all the Race of *Amalek* destroy'd,

I justly may conclude, the Victor's Hand

Had kept the Scepter of the *Jewish* Land:

But Disobedience heavy Ruin brings

On private Persons and resplendant Kings.

I would not tedious nor reserved be,

But write as briefly as I can to thee.

If these deserve an Answer from thy Pen,
Pray use thy former Freedom once again.

Epistle the Eighth.

Like as a River whose declining Course,
Runs with a swift and unresisted Force,
Restrain'd a while, with hidious Push will roar
To catch the Waters which are gone before,
And sweetly mix, when it hath overta'en
The liquid Poster after which it ran,
Incorporating Particles apace,
And glide together in one purling Mass.
So thou, *dear Friend*, withdrawn awhile from me,
Creates an ardent Longing after thee,
Within my Bosom, that we might renew
The Love and Friendship that's betwixt us two;
Love, which at first conjoin'd and made us one,
That Cup of Sweetness which hath often run
With mystic Passage round our panting Hearts,
To the Refreshing of our Inward Parts;
From whence arises Purity of Thought,
The bub'ling Seat of what our Union brought,
And various are the good Effects that have
Proceeded from the Cause that Love did leave,
When

When pure Celestial Love hath taken Place,
And amplify'd our Minds with spreading Grace,
Season'd our inward Senses with the Law
Of Faith and Justice, then we come to know
No hurtful Murmurs in our Bosoms spring,
But Praise ascending on a thankful Wing;
No irksom Grudges move our angry Bile,
But Gravity commands us to be still:
No lofty *Fastus* sits upon our Brow,
But sober Meekness teaches to be low.
No wanton Ramblings of a loose Desire
Can set the Touch-wood of our Lust on Fire:
For awful Fear remains a watchful Guard,
And bids the Faculties obey the Lord,
Whose gracious Service in Obedience lies,
And is required more than Sacrifice:
No sordid Root of covetous Delight
In wealthy Bags, which doth so much benight
The earthly Hearts of Thousands, who give way
To the false Gloss, which leads their Hearts a-
stray,
And with an earthly Darkness clouds the shin-
ing Day.
Will then have Growth amongst the purer Seed,
In that good Soil that early Love hath laid:
But Fruits of Charity will then abound,
And bring a Blessing on the fertil Ground.

No

No Place for wand'ring Thoughts of various sort,
 No time for Feasting, Gaming, wanton Sport,
 No Room for Dancing, Drinking to Excess,
 No Season is allow'd for Idleness;
 But every Thing be that, Thought, Deed, or
 Word,

Then speaks the Praise and Glory of the Lord.
 And all Attempts we make will not be vain,
 But tend to your Promotion and immortal Gain.
 Thou know'st (*true Heart*) that every evil
 Thought,

In the great Day will be to Judgment brought:
 Bad Words, bad Deeds before the Bar must stand,
 And guilty plead beneath the Judge's Hand;
 Then Sins will be arraign'd, that erst did lie
Incognito, and hid from Mortal Eye,
 And every *Peccadillo* there must come
 With Justice to receive its proper Doom.

What Care, what Fear, what Circumspection
 then

Ought we to have, who are but feeble Men!

We know we have a Rising like the Sun,

But who considers well the Course we run?

How swift our Motion is, how soon the Day
 is done.

Not Days augmented to a large Encrease,
 Can give the Blessing of immortal Peace;

Not

Not Time prolonged to a numerous Score,
Can give Admittance at Salvation's Door :
But Holiness of Life and Faith in Christ,
Must be our Conduct to Eternal Rest.

O hopeless Souls ! who slight the Cord of Love,
That would draw up their earthly Minds above
Terrestrial Dross, and give a glorious View,
Of more than this inferior Globe can shew.

The Tongue of Man's too short to tell the whole
Of what's ordained for the faithful Soul,
Robes, Crowns and Scepters (spiritually conceive)
Are kept in Store for such as righteous Live,
And Kings and Priests, resplendant Names of
Pow'r,

Shall grace their Offices for evermore.

This Theme (*respected Friend*) to write in full
Deserves a good and understanding Quill.

Oh, that the learned *Maroes* of this Age,
Would change their vicious Lives, & then engage
Themselves in Lines, promoting Truth and Peace,
How might good Doctrine flourish and encrease !
Would they employ their more refined Lays
To sing the Anthems of their Maker's Praise,
Would they by Precept and Example show
In Life and Manners what Men ought to do ?

What

What worthy Pieces might their Pens compile
 To the Advantage of this happy Ile ?
 For which good Change, my poor Endeavours
 tend,
 And my spare Hours to help the Work I spend,
 Thus much I do, and more I need not tell ;
 I write, the Paper speaks for me, *Farewel.*

Epistle the Ninth.

Long have I had no small Concern of Mind
 On thy Behalf ; but never yet could find
 A Time to make my mental Burden known
 To thee, which rather ought to be thine own.
 If I should number all the lonely Sighs,
 And pearly Drops, that from my cloudy Eyes
 Have run with mournful Stream on thy Account,
 To what a Sum at length would they amount !
 What shall I to thy youthful Follies say ?
 Since thou prorogue'st the Service of thy Day,
 Adjourn'st the greatest Duties of thy Prime,
 Which now begins to feel the Scyth of Time ;
 Because thy Parents call thee *Youth* and *Young*,
 Thou think'st, perhaps, there's serving God too
 soon.

Thy

Thy Thoughts, alas, do but too much deceive thee,
Old Age comes on, and Youth will quickly leave
thee:

Thou can'st not think thou'rt young, but *Chronos*
will

Be setting on a Minute to his Bill.

Who, that is wise, would idly knit Delays,
And make no Profit in the Summer Days?
When that he knows the Winter's coming on,
With shady Visits of a brumal Sun?

I am inform'd, thou giv'st thy self to Sport,
And largely take'st thy Swing in every Sort,
With this Excuse, *That thou wilt better grow*
When sober Age sits on thy wrincled Brow;
For while that Youth and gladfom Health is giv'n
Thou think'st it soon enough to see for Heav'n,
Conclude'st, when thou art past thy petty Toys,
Thou wilt the solid Path of Virtue chuse.

Wilt thou not timely leave (imprudent Lad!)
Uncertain Follies for a certain Good?
Dost thou not tread in wanton *Isr'el's* Way?
Who ate and drank, and then rose up to play;
With lustful Hearts, they could proclaim a Feast
And dance, and sing about the golden Beast,
Till that they fill'd the Air with ranting Noise,
And stunn'd the Ears of *Jeshua* with their Voice,
That

That *Moses* cast the Tables from his Hands;
He broke the Stones, but they broke the Com-
mands:

These be thy Gods! On every shouting Tongue,
Was made the Subject of their Idol-Song,
Their wicked Acclamations pierc'd the Sky,
And call'd for present Vengeance from on high,
For mark but the Event, and thou may'st find
Mirth went before, a Plague did stalk behind.
Be careful then, see that with which thou join'st
Will bear the Approbation of the Lines
Of Holy Writ; fear to gainsay, at least,
The sure and certain Witness of thy Breast:
If that but say, *This Action is not right,*
Thou should'st therein no longer take Delight,
But when Temptations wou'd entice thee to't,
Cry out, *My Conscience says I must not do't.*
We must not judge of things as they appear,
But as their Virtues or their Vices are.
Labour to keep from Sin's Deceptions free,
For Sin can make a Calf a Deity.
Who view themselves within a sinful Glass,
Do not behold the Picture of their Face;
But a deceitful Shew, that Sin can give
To those that in its dark Perswasions live.

What

What further comes before my present View,
Is that Excess of Garb thou run'st into;
Can nothing please but Habits *A-la-mode*?
Which might be both the Mind and Body's Load,
The various Changes of thy mimic Dress,
The fickle Tempter of thy Mind express.
I grant Religion is not Flax nor Wool,
Yet Moderation ought to be our Rule.
Excess should be avoided every way,
In what we act, or wear, or eat, or say,
Nay, decent Plainness gives more comely Grace,
Than all the Flourish of the modish Dress,
Of such as put their Purfes to the wrack,
To carry *Spain* and *Inde* on their Back:
For daily Service, not fantastic Pride,
Ought so much Cost be on our Bodies ty'd?
For Use, or Shame should every Rag require,
And give a Reason for the Cloaths we wear.
So much of this Advice as thou shalt find
Belongs to thee, receive with equal Mind:
For he that scorns Reproof, shall surely know,
In Time of Straits, Addition to his Woe.
My Time and Room commands an hasty End,
I cease to write, but not to be thy Friend.

Epistle

Epistle the Tenth.

MY dear *Theophilus*, I greet thee well,
And hope thou keep'st thy Faith and Pa-
tience still;

That stedfast Faith, which thou so often try'd
In dubious Cases, when a floating Tyde
Of anxious Tryals test thy hardy Bark,
And prov'd thy Tackling with laborious Work,
When blustering Envy did in Storm arise,
Clouds in her Looks, and Fury in her Eyes,
Pufft up with Expectation, that her Blow
Might prove thy Naufrage and thy Overthrow,
And rudely force thee, with impetuous Shock,
To crush thy Vessel on some craggy Rock;
Or by false Lanthorns draw thee to the Strand,
To sink thy Vessel in the dangerous Sand.
Then Faith was Anchor, which did firmly keep
The beaten Pinnacle in the safer Deep.
The Deeps, the Deeps! what Wonders hast thou
seen,
And to thy Comfort often view'd therein!
What glorious Risings can thy Labour tell
In the sweet running Streams of *Jacob's Well*?
Hast thou not known, as once *Ezekiel* did,
The Waters scarce above the Ancles glide?

Some-

Sometimes the bending Knees have been bedew'd
 With the Encreasings of the rising Flood;
 Sometimes the bubbling Currents touch the Loins,
 And cool the Ardor of thy inward Pains?
 Or else again hast felt the swelling Wave
 So deep, that thou therein might swim and bathe,
 And in the Fulness of that Ocean roul,
 To the unmeasur'd Comfort of thy Soul.
 Thou know'st, true Heart, the Power that can melt
 The Chilness of thy Breast, and where it's felt,
 The inward Force of that Celestial Beam,
 The Gift of Life to all that ever came
 Into the World, since *Adam's* bitter Fall,
 And knew the Name of Creatures Rational;
 They who subject first Nature to the Yoke,
 And learn the *Christ-Cross* of this heavenly Book,
 Receive its Dictates with retentive Heed,
 And Practise Truth in Purpose and in Deed,
 Shall know its Teachings daily more and more,
 To lead 'em out of Sin and Satan's Power.
 This is the gradual Course that Men should take,
 And then they may a further Progress make:
 Some Times for Waiting must allotted be,
 A Search within our selves will let us see
 Our Inward State, and by a secret View
 Show plainly what we are and ought to do:

A State wherein the Faculties retire
 From every wand'ring Thought and vain Desire
 Submit themselves to Silence, and receive
 Passive the Yoke that Solitude shall give:

A State wherein the Flesh must have no Rule,
 But bear Correction in the Spirit's School.
 Put on the strictest Bonds of Sacred Awe,

And nothing but a pure Obedience know
 To that most holy Power, for which we wait,
 To be our Comfort in that humble State.

Oh, then's the Time of Drinking to Content,

The Draughts of heav'nly Love! Oh, then is fen

A Show'r of Comforts to refresh the Soul,

To cheer the Parts, and vivify the Whole!

'Tis not a sitting still, as others do,

Or holding down the Head an Hour or two,

Nor list'ning unto what a Preacher says,

Or bending Knees, when that another prays,

Whereby this happy State may be acquir'd,

If that the wand'ring Heart be unretir'd:

For, as thou know'st, there ought to be a Care

And certain inward Guard, with humble Fear,

Lest that a Croud of Thoughts possess the Mind

Or in the Breast an Habitation find,

Whereby the barren Soul is strangely tost,

And thus the Benefit of Waiting's lost:

But, Oh, the Travel and the secret Cries,
(Mix'd with a fruitful Crop of Tears and Sighs)
Of those who truly wait upon the Lord,
To know Renewings of his quickning Word!
~~To know his Arm of Love made bare again,~~
On which by Faith they in their Travail lean,
To feel the Touches of his antient Power,
Reveal'd in Straights and every tempted Hour
This is their Labour, as they silent wait,
This the Reward of the poor nothing State,
Tho' some may think a fitting ~~that~~ resign'd,
Arises from an indisposed Mind,
Or dark Effect of Melancholly Thoughts,
That raises Scruples and begetteth Doubts,
By which the Vitals captivated are,
And led to dumbish Silence, or a worse Despair:
But they mistake, for the unerring Word
Declares, That those who wait upon the Lord,
Shall know their Strength, their inward Strength
renew'd,
And with Celestial Comforts more endu'd,
How vain are then their Thoughts and Suppo-
sition,
Who think that nothing, which is blest Fruition!
The best Enjoyment that the Soul can have,
Before it doth this mortal Prison leave:

The faithful Waiters find it so to be,
 And in that Frame can future Comforts see;
 For 'tis the Earnest of a blest Eternity.

Epistle the Eleventh.

LAST Night, as I upon my Pillow lay,
 Revolving o'er Transactions of the Day,
 The State of *Jacob* came before my View,
 The various Toils and Troubles that he knew,
 My numerous Thoughts the grateful Force with-
 stood,
 With which the Arms of *Somnus* were endu'd,
 The Messenger of Rest obtain'd no Place,
 Till that the thinking Croud had run their Race:
 Sleep had no Power o'er my drowsy Eyes,
 Before my travelling Thoughts did cease to rise,
 (When that the Things of God the Mind possess,
 That it becomes inhabited with Peace,
 The Faculties their wonted Course resign,
 Nature must yield to that which is Divine.)

My Mind, Companion of the honest Lad,
 Began where he from surly *Eseu* fled,
 That hated Seed, that strove but strove in vain
 To have his meek and righteous Brother slain.

His Hatred, which from Folly did proceed,
Contriv'd, but never could perform the Deed,
He that is the peculiar Care of Heav'n,
Must not into destroying Hands be giv'n;
But the Almighty's Arm shall be his Shield
Of Safety, both at Home and in the Field.
My thoughtful Steps did then with gentle Pace,
The Prints of his advancing Journey trace,
Who wand'ring on in Nothingness of Mind,
Pursu'd his Way, and scarcely look'd behind,
Weighing the Precepts which his Parents gave
In Charge, before he did *Canaan* leave,
Till that with travelling hard and Night oppress'd,
He weary grew and wanted Natural Rest;
The Sun descending from his shining Throne,
Was just below the Western Horizon,
And the Inferior Lights began to rise
With Lustre in the Oriental Skies,
When he with pensive Heart did lonely chuse,
A Stone, the Pillow of his Night's Repose;
A Stone, whereon he more contented lay,
Than if with *Cesar* he had born away
The Spoils in Triumph of a richer Host,
Than ever the *Emathian* Fields could boast:
A Stone whereon he greater Comfort found,
Than being Monarch of a Kingdom crown'd.

Tho' he on Beds of Down might then have laid
 His easy Limbs, but more uneasy Head?
 (For Glorious Titles do not always give
 Th' intitled Right in Quietness to live:
 But the commodious Gifts of Honour are
 Presented to us in a Box of Care.)

He meekly then lies down to take Repose,
 And no Companion but his Conscience knows;
 Where he unenvy'd for his Greatness lies,
 The Earth his Couch, and Canopy the Skies?
 His roomy Chamber was the grassy Field,
 And Stars did Light instead of Candles yield,
 A Bed of Earth his tender Body bears,
 And whistling Winds the Musick that he hears.
 Noble indeed! Here could my Thoughts but stay,
 And wondring view him as he sleeping lay!
 How sweetly in that Posture he appear'd!
 Meekness his Watch and Innocence his Guard,
 So that with Joy mine Eyes I could have clos'd,
 And gladly ta'en Repose as he repos'd:
 But peaceful Sleep was not his only Bliss,
 He did enjoy a greater Happiness,
 The glorious Vision that he saw surpass
 The grateful Pleasures of his nar'ral Rest;
 The Place where that stupendous Ladder stood
 Religiously he call'd, *The House of God.*

Well might he wonder with amazing Fear,
Not only he, but Angels worship'd there!

But, lo! the Saffron Morn had now begun
To cast her Beams before the rising Sun,
And cheerful Larks sung Welcomes to the Day,
When that our Pilgrim rose, and steer'd along
his Way.

(They who give up in Cheerfulness to do
The Service that the Lord may call 'em to,
Walk in the Path he doth for them prepare,
Though it may lonesom be, as Jacob's went;
Yet Bethel's Comforts will their Toils befriend,
And console them to their Journey's End.)

He comes at length to *Hanan's* spreading Plains,
And fertil Downs, the *Fine* of his Plains,
Here num'rous Flocks and Herds abroad were
spread,

Which by the Daughters of the Land were fed.
The Country Damfels, when the scorching Heat
Of *Titan* forc'd the panting Flocks from Meat,
Follow'd the thirsty Cattle to the Spring,
And watered, back unto their Pasture bring.

O Noble Province for a thrifty She,
Whose greatest Pride is her Humility!
He that was God at *Bethel*, and had blest
Good *Jacob's* Way, was with him to the last;

By whose Protection he was safely brought
To find the Kindred and the House he sought,
His Uncle *Laban*, though a selfish Man,
Did kindly his young Kinsman entertain.
(The Lord hath often made an earthly Mind
To his Peculiar and Elected kind,
And shew more Favour than the Miser e'er
design'd.
Both to exalt his Power, and console
The righteous Poor in their dejected State:
For the mysterious Ways of God are known
To his Eternal Deity alone.)
This great Example of a Pious Lad,
With all Observance merits to be read,
And is a choice Incentive unto Youth,
To stir 'em up to Meekness and the Love of
Truth.
Shou'd I ennum'rate ev'ry Cross and Care
This holy Pilgrim did with Patience bear,
The various sharp Encounters that he met,
His Wages chang'd, and Uncle's worse Deceit;
His late and early Toils from Morn to Night,
And last of all his unexpected Flight.
The Time would fail me, and my Strength refuse
A just Supply to carry on my Muse.
These few Reflections of a Night retir'd,
I hope will answer, Friend, what is desir'd;

Or know at least, another Sheet may give
What thou would'st further from my Hand re-
ceive,
If Providence so favour my Intent,
Or give a kind Reception unto what is sent.

Epistle the Twelfth,

Afflicted Friend! that Word provokes my
Tears;

I also bear a Part of what thou bear'st:

What if I say a Moity is mine?

Thou hast the Gift, I in the Profit join:

Profit, said I? that Word I'll not recal,

The Profit and the Comfort is not small,

That oft arises from a griev'd Mind,

And sharp Afflictions which the Righteous find,

Since thus I am not ignorant of thy State,

I think it good for to commemorate

The gracious Dealings of the Lord with me of
late.

I've known the Time, when on a weary Bed,

A rowling Pillow bore my aching Head,

When Fainting Weakness all my Limbs possess,

And panting Vitals rav'd within my Breast;

My

My trembling Heart gave Thumps against my
Side,

With swifter Motion than she us'd to ride.

Pain seiz'd the lightsom Windows of my Head,

Whereby the Sense was dull and heavy made,

My beating Pulse irregular bespake

That Nature stagger'd, and her Case was weak:

Yet (that which made my sinking Mind revive)

I felt my inward Senses then alive,

I felt within my gladsom Bosom shed,

The greatest Comforts of a dying Bed;

True Peace with God, and Shadowing of his Love,

Which did the chief restoring Physick prove.

My Counsel is, Be it thy timely Care,

To have thy bitter Potions sweetned here.

Long for the Drops of an Eternal Peace.

If nothing else, yet they will give thee Ease.

Well, let my consolating Quill proceed,

In Lines I love to write, and thou to read.

Cheer up, my Friend, thou dost not feel the Rod,

Nor angry Stroke of an offended God;

But soft Reproofs of his Correcting Hand,

As kind Remembrances of thy latter End.

'Tis good that we sometimes are made to bear

The Chastisings of that Arm we ought to fear;

The Father's kind Rebukes are often known
 To work a Change in the rebellious Son;
 And he that timely turns at the Reproof,
 Shall have the Interest of the Parents Love.
 Why then dost thou beneath thy Burthen fall,
 And falsely think thou'rt hardly dealt withal?
 When what thou bearst is laid on thee to thy
 Thy Faith in Love and righteous Constancy.
 Come, faithful Soul! I hope thou takest not ill
 The open Freedom of my friendly Quill.
 Thou hast my Prayers, whilst thou or I shall
 Live;

But Heav'n in Mercy greater Comforts giveth
 And inward Favour in the Bosom stie.

Epistle the Thirteenth.

THEY who are Part of God's peculiar Care,
 And of his Gifts enjoy a greater Share,
 Than to the common All he's pleas'd to give,
 How humbly should the blest Enjoyers live!
 Where there is much bestow'd, there's much re-
 quir'd;
 And that's not only giv'n to be admir'd;
 But that a just Improvement may be had,
 And fruitful Interest with the Talents made.

If

If thou (*Respected Friend*) can'st freely bear
 The soft Reproofs of my well-wishing Care,
 And tender Cautions of an open Will,
 Observe the following Dictates of my Quill:
 That Power which can enlarge the narrowest
 Hearts,

And work Obedience in the inward Parts,
 Has oft constrain'd my timorous Tongue to speak
 The Mind's Concern, when she abhor'd to break
 Uneasy Silence, and in Truth declare
 The weighty Burthen which the Mind did bear.

It is confess'd, that comely Parts can move
 The soft Affections of Admiring Love,
 And inward Favour in the Bosom raise,
 Tho' Envy or Offence denies 'em Praise.

A just Proportion Nature gives to some,
 As if she took Delight in them alone,
 Whose base Designs and odious Works declare
 The Features of the Soul distorted are:
 For we (alas, for shame!) too often find
 A beauteous Body cloaths a sordid Mind;
 So that the Value which Externals gain,
 Is lost, when we behold the Inward Stain.

When thou adorn'st thy self with nicest Care,
 To render thy approved Skin more fair,

And

And by thy Chrystal Mirror stand'st to view,
If every Crisp be set exact and true,
Doath to behold the smallest Point awry,
That may be obvious to another's Eye,
And raise Dislike within thy Rival's Breast,
By some false Pin in thy Attire misplac'd;
Would'st thou but then consider what thou art,
And thoughtful lay Mortality to Heart:
That Body which thou hast so finely drest,
Within few Days may make a sumptuous Feast
For hungry Worms, who never scorn to feed
Without Distinction on the equal'd Dead.

No doubt but then the swift pursuing Word,
Which doth Instruction and Reproof afford,
Will check thy needless Study, and declare,
How vain and fruitless thy Endeavours are,
With sage Advice, if thou wilt take but heed
What Care should in the Room thereof succeed,
And teach thee humble Thoughts; an humble
Mind

Doth Favour with the God of *Mary* find,
Who takes delight in the contrited Soul;
But Healing makes the Breaches of it whole.
An humble Mind! A safe and happy State,
In which the Godly to Advantage wait.

Herein

Herein consists the true and solid Joy,
Which brings without mixtured Annoy,
Nor can the Various Troubles of the World
destroy.

Then let not the External Mein, with which
The great Creator did thy Face enrich,
Be made the Subject of thy Studious Care,
But strive to be as Virtuous as thou art Fair,
The last will fade, and like the blooming Rose,
With sure Decay its charming Favour lose.

A boisterous Conflict of a stormy Day,
May blow the Tincture of thy Cheeks away;
Or scorching Heat of a long Summer's Sun,
May make thy Lilly-white a Tawny Dun:
At least, consuming Years will surely show
The hated Change upon thy wrinkled Brow.

But Virtue, blooming Virtue never dies,
Nor Falls to Time nor Age a Sacrifice:
The greatest Ornament to Youth or Years
Of all that an admired Damsel wears.

This gives the sweetest Comeliness and Grace,
Adorns the Mind and beautifies the Face.
By this the Hebrew Females lovely were,
And gain'd Esteem more than by being fair.
Sarah, the Father of the Faithful's Wife,
An early Pattern of a virtuous Life,

Was highly blest and favour'd of the Lord,
According to the Promise of his Word,
Thou shalt a Mother of great Nations be,
And Kings of People they shall spring from thee.
A glorious Promise to a fruitless Womb,
That such Encrease should from the Childless
come.

Hast thou not in the Holy Scriptures read
Of *Ruth*, and all the tender Acts she did
Towards her sorrowing Mother? Kind and true
In all the Parts of Duty she could shew;
For which the Blessings of the Lord were shed
In Plenty on the Pious Damsel's Head.

Lo, *Hannah* next may merit thy Regard,
Whose Virtue was her Comfort and Reward.
What Reader also Praise to her denies?
Hannah, the virtuous, lovely and the wise.
The Lord beheld the Streams of briny Dew,
Which daily did her mournful Cheeks embrew,
And with a timely Comfort dry'd her Eyes,
And gave her Consolation in the Room of Sighs.
Learn true Obedience (*Friend*) to Light and Grace
And in thy Ways these great Examples trace:
Be earnest in thy Soul, as *Hannah* were,
When thou before thy God dost publicly ap-
pear.

With

With inward Bowings and contrited Mind,
Which doth Acceptance with Jehovah find.
Thy humble Thoughts and silent inward Pray'r,
Altho' no vocal Sounds thy Lips declare,
Will not be lost, nor unregarded pass,
But heard by him that *Hannah's* Prayer was.
Tho' from thy Tongue no moving Accents flow,
Or none the Travail of thy Spirit know;
Altho' thy Tears upon the Ground may fall,
And of thy Neighbours not observ'd at all:
Yet he that sees in secret will regard
Thy State, and Labour of thy Soul reward.
The Lord will also by his Spirit shew
What Duty thou dost to thy Parents owe;
Next unto Him account thy Parents dear.
And mix thy Love to them with tender Fear.
Observe the wholesom Counsel which they give,
And with due Reverence their Advice receive,
Rather submitting under their Command,
Than wilful in thy own Opinion stand.
Hereby wilt thou their kind Affections gain,
To make their Link of Love a lasting Chain.
And he that with a Store of Blessings crown'd
The Days of *Ruth*, will make thy Days abound
With fruitful Mercies from his gracious Hand,
As thou shalt in his Law and Counsel stand.

Epistle

Epistle the Fourteenth.

TH Y late Conversion, *Friend*, from empty
Forms,
Banner of Men in Antichristian Arms,
Hath drawn me forth in Love to write a few
Instructive Lines, in Freedom just and true,
Whereby thy tender Faith may keep its Place,
And be confirm'd in every dubious Case.
Not that thou should'st in others Words confide,
Or put thy Trust in what thou hast not try'd;
But that the Law which is to thee reveal'd
May not by Humane Reas'ning be repeal'd;
For Reas'nings will within thy Breast arise,
And strive to do those things thy Faith denies,
Or make thy Conscience startle, when thou art
But acting what's thy Duty and thy Part.
Conscience and carnal Reason are at jar,
And in thy Bosom wage a constant War:
The one perswades this Action to be done,
The other pleads, 'tis better let alone.
That in a strict Observance looks to see,
What Stumbling-blocks may in her Progress lie;
This with confused Steps and swift Career,
Regardless of what Obstacles appear,

E

Precipitates

Precipitates her Course with nimble Stride,
And would triumphant o'er the Conscience ride.

When thou on either hand art thus oppress'd,
Nor Self, nor Conscience neither giving Rest,
Beware of both Extreame : too forward Zeal
May hurt a Man as much as none at all.

Whilst Men with studious Care do *Scylla* shun,
They often into worse *Charybdis* run.

These things, I say, sometimes have so beset
Poor Travellers, they know not how to get
Along the Way that once they saw so clear,
They could without a Guide or Pilot steer.

On this Account, good Counsel, I suppose,
Will not be hurtful, nor despis'd by those
Who love the Way of Truth, and fear to tread
In Paths that blindly to Destruction lead.

Thus I advise, that thou should'st keep thy Mind
And inward Eye to that which first refin'd
Thy grosser Thoughts, and spiritualliz'd thy
Breast,

Which was with strange Absurdities possess'd ;
When thou by dark Imagination led,
Had'st strong Belief, *That a small Piece of Bread
Was the true Flesh of Christ ; and he that ate
Thereof receiv'd it as Eternal Meat :*

Not always so, but in an Instant made
By a few Words a muttering Priest had said,
Whose sacred Vests and trailing *Syrma* gave
A Right to him the *Lofty* must not have.
His *Benedictions* counted so Divine,
As to make *Flesh* of *Bread*, and *Blood* of *Wine*.
What's so absurd! Begotted *Nile* would scorn
To own a Deity so meanly Born!
And superstitious *Memphis* never rear'd
An Altar to a God so little fear'd:
Altho' on sacred *Leeks* they never trod,
They dare not season Porridge with their God;
'Twas Sacrilege to bring 'em to the Board,
Or make a Meal of that which they ador'd.
They're to be pitied who no farther see,
As Charity persuades that such there be,
Led blindly by a Priesthood, that maintain
Such monstrous Doctrine for their private Gain
I also hope, in Time, thou'lt see it clear,
That *Gospel Tythes* an Imposition are:
For let their Cause impartially be try'd,
They have no *Jus Divinum* on their Side.
'Twas *Levi's* Tribe alone that could demand
The Annual Tenths of the divided Land,
For Altar-Service and for Priestly Care
Receiv'd they that, and that was all their Share:

But when that Dispensation ceas'd to be,
The World was from that Obligation free.

Consider how the Sent of Christ did bear
Their Sufferings when they persecuted were.
When Envy rag'd, their Meekness did encrease,
And tho' the World was fighting they had
Peace;

Such Peace as that the World could never give,
Nor of the Comforts of it them deprive.

Consider all, that glorious Host that made
Their vital Exit in a flaming Bed,
Who rather chose to suffer, than withstand
The Rage and Malice of a bloody Hand;
Their Conflicts rais'd Anthems on their Tongue,
And in the midst of Burnings dy'd and sung!
Unparallel'd Examples! Pens of Steel
Or Diamond can ne'er describe 'em well!
Shall these not merit thy Regard, and be
The Spur of Strength in suffering Days to thee?

As thou shalt on that opening Power attend,
That did discover to thee the glorious End
Of Righteousness, and draw thy Mind to leave
Those empty Forms that Life nor Sweetness
have :)

Thy Heart enlarg'd, will comprehend in full
The greater Precepts of the heav'nly School.

And

And Christ thy gracious Tutor will renew
Thy Tasks of Learning and thy Judgment too;
To whose Divineſt Teachings I refer
Thy daily Progreſs and religious Care.

Epistle the Fifteenth.

WHat is a shadowing Wood or lonely Grove,
Or comick Story of ſome wanton Love,
The only Theme thy numerous Quill can chuſe,
To exerciſe the Fondneſs of thy Muſe?
Has Nature not beſtow'd a plenteous Store
Of lively Objects, free from the impure
Corruption that ſuch wanton Stories give,
But ſhew no good Inſtructions how to live,
Wherein thou may'ſt thy better Hours employ,
And yield thy ſelf and others ſurer Joy.

When I peruſe the Numbers of thy Quill,
Set off with Learning and compos'd with Skill,
Adorn'd with rich Variety of Words,
And the Parade that humane Wit affords.
Methinks with how great Pleaſure could I read,
Were not thy Matter and thy Writings dead!
The oft repeated *Crambè* will not down
With him that hath freſh Viands of his own;

No more the Wit in earthly Wisdom sought,
Can be approv'd by him that's heav'nly taught:
The Salt is wanting and the purer Oil,
Which seasons every Comfort to the Soul.

As he that having lost his Way, and goes
From Place to Place of which he nothing
knows,

By roving Guess, or wandering Fancy led,
And ignorant where his erring Paces tread,
Through Paths of Error runs, with active Force,
And knows no Bounds to his unsteady Course,
May of Discoveries and his Travels boast.

But if he allows, that he was lost,
What Honour will from his Adventures fall,
The *Epitome*, alas! confounds the Tale!

He that in Truth with Understanding writes,
Altho' he may not mount such airy Flights,
To soar above the Reach of vulgar Skill,
Upon the Pinions of a Learned Quill,
His humble Progress shall with safer Wing,
Him more securely through his Journey bring.

Can none but *Ovid's* Style be judg'd a Rule,
For Declamations in the Mules School?
His Works alone thy Imitation draw,
And are to thee Example and a Law.

Of all that write in the harmonious Tongue
 Of Mistress Rome when that her Nerves were
 strong;
 Or when thou emulatest the *Gracian* Bards,
 So rich in Themes and copious in Words;
 Must *Thirsis*, or *Ménalcas*, only be
 The chosen Canon of thy Works to thee?
 Which feign'd *Idyllia* and Romantic Wit,
Theocritus the *Doric* Poet writ,
 Who is esteem'd by thee the chiefest Man
 That ever undertook with Past'ral Pen
 To paint in Words the Amours of a Swain,
 Who long had lov'd, and was not lov'd again;
 Wherein confused Tales of gods are told,
 And all the feigned Deities of Old,
 Of Thiev'ries, Metamorphoses and Rapes,
 Nay Wickedness in almost all its Shapes,
 Unworthy Themes! Unworthy of the Pen
 Of him that writes himself a *Christian Man*,
 Whose heavenly Unction teaches better Things,
 And out of all such *Pagan* Learning brings.

~~O turn thy Style, Ingenious Youth, and show~~
 What thy rich Parts in Christian Verse can do.
 If *Greek* delights, *Phocylides* can give
 Thee beauteous Verse, and Maxims how to live.

If thou aim'st something higher than Trans-
lation,

His *Ὀλβία δῶρα*'s worth thy Imitation.

In *Roman* Language when thy labouring Quill
Is exercising her Poëtick Skill,

Then let Divine *Prudentious* lead the Way,

And write thou what thy heav'nly Muse shall
say,

Come, come; be tender, Child, and wait to feel

That Power that teacheth Good and curbeth Ill,

Thy resty Will, unbended to the Yoke,

Must humbly know a Time of being broke,

The sooner thou submit'st and learn'st to fear,

With greater Ease thou wilt the Burthen bear.

A timely Self-denial in the Things

Of selfish Nature, lasting Comforts brings:

Close with the Visits of Eternal Love,

And fix thy nobler Thoughts on things above,

Where in a Prospect thou wilt clearly see,

This World is Emptyness and Vanity.

Epistle

Epistle the Sixteenth.

NOT he that in a trying Moment cries,
Lord! Lord! attended with a Troop of
 Sighs,

Shall enter those Eternal Mansions, where
 The holy Saints and heav'nly Angels are;
 Except that he perform (the greatest Test)
 The Will of God reveal'd within his Breast:
 This Doctrine which the sacred Scriptures give,
 The Words of Christ the Word will not deceive,
 Nor teach amiss, they are the Truth and Way,
 That leads to Life all those that do obey
 God's instrumental, or his inward Call,
 And leave the Lust that rul'd 'em in the Fall:
 Tho' Heav'n and Earth into a *Chaos* roul,
 And clash the *Artick* with the *Southern Pole*,
 Squeezing to Atoms all the *Starry Course*,
 The Words of Christ shall never lose their Force,
 The Righteousness of *Scribes*, tho' just in shew,
 Which Numbers to their specious Manner drew,
 Nor Sanctity the *Pharisee* profess,
 With broad *Phylacteries* superstitious drest,
 Can never lead to the ætherial Throne,
 Where the true Followers of Christ are gone.

External

External Shews come short of inward Pow'r,
 The first will quickly fade, but this endure,
 Yeild an attentive Ear (*My Friend*) a while,
 Unto the weighty Burden of my Quill.
 The Tree, so richly clad in leavy Green,
 The Gospel mentions, by our Lord was seen,
 Fair to the Eye and pleasant to the Sight,
 Which would a weary Traveller invite,
 Either to visit its refreshing Shade,
 Or taste the sweet and cooling Fruit it had:
 But when he came and found it barren were,
 He curst it, and it wither'd in the Air.
 Deceitful Tree! to make so fair a Show,
 When that no Figs upon thy Branches grow!
 Take Care hereafter whom thou dost beguile,
 A Curse attends the Fruitless and the Vile.
 The bare Performance, *Friend*, of certain Rites
Religious call'd, wherein thou much delight'st
 To shew thy Fervor and thy ardent Zeal,
 One Day will stand thee in no stead at all,
 Whilst thy more numerous Hours are vainly
 spent,
 Both to the World and all its Pleasures bent,
 In things that can't procure the inward Peace,
 Nor yield the sacred Fruits of Righteousness.
 Thy Rites will then appear but gaudy Leaves,
 Whose pompous Shew the outward Sight deceives,
 And

And leaves in days of storm and parching drought,
Will blasted fall and surely come to nought.

Behold, ye Sons of Earth and worldly Joys!
What creeps amongst you plainly, and destroys
The Rife and Growth of that oppressed Seed,
Which Should from all such Hindrances be freed:
'Tis Avarice, Pride, and Love of fading things,
Which o'er your Souls this Death and Darkness
brings.

Know that a Day of Reaping comes apace,
A Day that looks for Plenty and encrease,
Wherein deceitful Trees that leavy bear
A feigned Shew, will trembling shake for Fear;
The dreadful Ax will to the Root be laid,
And to Destruction give the Fruitless and the Bad
Sinners in *Sion* shall, with shudd'ring Knees,
Run to the Mountains, and with fearful Cries
Call out for Safety, and imploring say,
O save us from the Vengeance of this Day!

But the deaf Hills, regardless of their Call,
Will not upon the desperate Wretches fall.
Hypocrisy shall naked then appear,
And Hypocrites seem truly what they are:
No Mask of fair Pretences shall presume
To cheat the Judgment of their woful Doom;
But the whole Face of secret Wickedness
Shall look in full as ugly as it is.

Be

Be truly zealous, *Friend*, thou canst not be
Too serious in the Matters of Eternity.

A Man with specious Prayers may adorn
His Life, repeated every Night and Morn,
And say by rote the Words which Christ has taught,
Yet never know the true Repentance wrought;
That inward Change of Mind, whereby the Man
Is reconcil'd to God thro' Christ again:

Or else how can he say, *Thy Kingdom's come*,
When he that Government has never known?

These Memorandums, tho' abruptly writ,
Without the Flourishes of Art and Wit,
I hope, *My Friend*, may such Reception find,
As not to be committed to the Wind;
But raise Reflections on the Time that's past,
And make thee thoughtful of thy future Rest.
Farewel, thou hast been warn'd, and strive to be
Friend to thy self, as I have been to thee.

Epistle the Seventeenth.

Since we enjoy, *My Friend*, this Day of Peace
How ought we to improve the Happiness
By Diligence and all Religious Care,
Lest what might be a Blessing prove a Snare;
And times of Plenty bring a pining Want
Of those good things that bounteous Heav'n has
sent; I mean

I mean this glorious Liberty, wherein
The Conscience hath in joyful Freedom been,
And Exercise of Faith not ty'd to Laws,
Which Tyrants grant and each Informer knows
Look back but half an Age, and thou wilt see
How little those sharp Times with these agree,
O joyful Change, was it but well improv'd,
And Truth as greatly now as then belov'd
Then were the Prisons crowded with the Just,
And righteous Men into the Dungeon thrust,
And Jayls (if ever) Sanctuaries made,
Wherein the Members of the Church were laid;
How faithful were our Fathers in that Day,
Tho' humane Force obtain'd so great a Sway
What Zeal our worthy Elders then declar'd,
They pray'd for Strength; yea, and their Pray-
 were heard;
As faithful Witnessles, who yet remain,
Have testify'd and testify again.
How boldly they appear'd! (a righteous Cause
Doth Boldness give) when they by Men and Laws
Before a rigid Magistrate were hal'd,
In order to be threaten'd, fin'd, or jayl'd?
Their Mouths were stop'd, revil'd, & suffer'd wrong
Both from their Adversaries Fist and Tongue,
Without Revenge in either Deed or Words,
For they well knew, that Vengeance was the Lord's.
Can

Can we reflect, *My Friend*, without a Tear,
On what our worthy Antients thus did bear?
Consider, 'tis not our Deserts, that we
Enjoy this glorious Day of Liberty,
But a rich Favour from the Lord of Love,
That it might to our great Advantage prove.
The Antients they were hunted, and in Chace
Pursu'd by greedy Wolves from Place to Place,
And hardly had the Privilege to meet,
Turn'd out of Houses, in the open Street:
Insulted, and oppress'd, and scorn'd, and try'd,
They to the Lord for Help and Mercy cry'd;
Nor were their Supplications vainly made:
For God the Storm of Persecution laid,
And brought a Day of Calm to those who stood
The former Tryals, when a raging Flood
Of humane Will and arbitrary Laws,
Did Yokes and Burdens on their Necks impose.

So *Israel* mourn'd, when the oppressing Hand
Of *Midian* came and plunder'd in their Land,
When that the Children of the *East* appear'd,
In Multitude and Valour to be fear'd,
When *Amaleck* arose to join the Fray,
And scatter'd War and Fury in his Way;
The House of *Jacob* then remember'd where
They always found a true Deliverer,

The

The *Lord of Hosts*, whom they with sonorous
Tongue,

Upon the Banks of Joy and Safety sung,

When they beheld the great *Egyptian Host*

Sunk in the Deep: and all their Enemies lost.

Yet when that *Gideon*, whom the Lord did bless

With his great Presence and as great Success,

Amass'd the Spoils, and did the *Ephad* rear,

The mighty Conquest prov'd a mighty Snare:

Their Liberty with solemn Joy begun,

But Ease and Superstition drag'd it on,

Till that the Triumph, which so little cost,

Degenerate, in Idolatry was lost.

'Tis time to rouse our Minds from drowsy Ease,

And think upon the Swiftness of our Days:

Shall we convert this Grace, indulgent Heav'n

Hath to our Age and Generation giv'n,

To the base Service of corrupted Times,

And make our Ease Encreaser of our Crimes?

Such Indolence deserves a quickning Spur,

Before the *Leibargy* be gone too far.

Alas ! what Numbers, willing to suppose

They are the People whom the Lord hath chose,

Prepare Oblations, and their Offerings bring

Into the Temple of the mighty King !

Who

Who pitch their Tent in *Sion*, and from hence
 Conclude that *Sion* will be their Defence;
 And since they favour to the Truth have shewn,
 Expect the Truth should all their Actions own.

But whilst supine they live in wanton Ease,
 And study how their wand'ring Luffs to please,
 They lie expos'd to Danger could they see,
 Nor Truth, nor *Sion* will their Safeguard be;
 But Woe pronounc'd the trembling Souls shall

seize,
 And dreadful wake the *Sioners* at Ease.

Oh, that the youthful Offspring of the true
 And faithful Flock, who the great Shepherd knew,
 And heard his Voice, would circumspectly tread
 The Steps that to their Father's Glory led;
 'Tis this would give a Lustre to our Lives,
 That in the Memory of our Friends survives
 When we are gone, and as we can't forget
 Our worthy Antients, for their Memory's sweet;
 So shall we to our dear Posterity leave
 That Sense of Love and Virtue which we have.

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